





Pantaloons  
N,  
\$3.00.

Overcoats  
CLOSE.

WINTER GLOVES,  
75c.

than city prices.

clothing House,  
WEYMOUTH

NOTICE

INS

2, 1889.

COTTON, regular 10c  
- 8 3/4c, on this day only

ACHED COTTON, 10c  
- 8 7/8c, on this day only

- 9c per yard

- 11c per yard

- 11c per yard

- 13c per yard

1/2c less than regular prices

SMITH,  
TH WEMOUTH.

RESENTS

Welry Store,  
LL BLOCK.

Ornamental Articles,  
and Inspect.

as represented.

YOUNG MEN'S  
CLIMBING CLASS.

JOHN E. DWIGHT,  
and Musical Director of the Dwight Gle  
Farm, North Weymouth, Mass. This class will  
begin on Friday evening, please apply to  
the instructor to make this a preparatory  
class.

42-43

Weymouth Savings Bank.

Annual Meeting of the Weymouth Savings  
Bank will be held at its banking  
office, 177 Tremont Street, Boston, on Friday,  
FEBRUARY 1, 1889, for the election of officers  
and of any other business that may  
be transacted.

CHAS. T. CRANE, Clerk.

Jan. 18, 1889.

at Bargain!  
HALIFAX  
CME SKATES,  
IMPORTED ARTICLE,  
CHEAP.

ST OAK SLEDS  
Painted in Rich Colors.

LADIES'

ding Work Tables.

Complete Line of  
ors, Button Hole, Pocket  
and Lamp Shears,

ep Out Wind and Rain

Weather Strips.

BAKER'S

WAREHOUSE STORE,

WEYMOUTH LANDING.

Chas. R. Greeley,  
Dentist!

will be at his office

Weymouth Clothing Store,  
(Near Post Office)

WEYMOUTH,  
ON OTHER DAYS.

are in a line of FIRST-CLASS WORK

WEAR, are cordially invited to call

up or call on us, and at any time

we are at your service.

Descriptive Circulars mailed free upon application.

Blacksmiths in other parts of the town supplied at regular rates.

JOSEPH POULIN, Agent, North Weymouth.

60-62

## HOUSE LIGHTING

In all its branches, is our sole business.

Gas and Electric Fixtures, Kerosene Goods of every description.

Candles, Candle Sticks and Shades.

WE ARE MANUFACTURERS OF

THE HOLLINGS PATENT EXTENSION LAMP,  
AND N. E. AGENTS FOR

Tirrell's Improved Equalizer Gas Machine.

Also, dealers in best quality Gasoline.

R. HOLLINGS & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS,  
547 Washington Street, BOSTON.

REPRESENTED IN WEMOUTH BY E. WALTER ARNOLD.

Who will call on parties and furnish estimates if desired.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to our Mark Down Sale of

DUPLIC LAMPS. Call and see them.

HOLDEN & SLADEN,  
DEALERS IN

### Goods, Fine Groceries, FLOUR, GRAIN, TEAS, COFFEES, PURE SPICES.

Creamery Butter in 5 pound Boxes, a specialty.

Our prices are as low as consistent with first class goods.

North Weymouth Depot Store.  
I. N. HOLDEN. W. J. SLADEN.

FOR THIS MONTH!

WE HAVE A

SPECIAL BARGAIN

IN A

### FORMOSA TEA

At 40c, worth 50c.

J. W. Bartlett & Co.,  
Sea Street, North Weymouth.

### NEW AND SEASONABLE GOODS!

Mrs. Geo. T. Rand's,  
WASHINGTON SQUARE.

NEW FALL AND WINTER STYLES OF  
Gent's Hats and Caps,  
AND FURNISHING GOODS.

### NEW STYLES OF DRESS GOODS, IN VARIETY.

U R RIGHT  
In seeking the BEST and MOST for your money.

R U RIGHT  
In your selection of a trading place?

You say you trade with FORD & PHILLIPS.

RIGHT T U R.  
The place for the best and the cheapest in the line of

FURNITURE, ETC.

BROAD STREET. EAST WEMOUTH.

HARLOW, APOTHECARY.

MINERAL SPRING WATERS.

HOT WATER BAGS.

RUBBER GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, TOILET ARTICLES.

PATENT MEDICINES, SPONGES, CHAMOIS SKINS,

CHOICE CIGARS AND CONFECTIONERY.

Physicians' Prescriptions carefully compounded.

C. D. HARLOW.

Formerly with J. T. Brown & Co., Boston.

It is Urgent

for young ladies to be supplied with freckle  
removers, bath and tan skin generally to  
be used in stamping. W. E. & W. P. Thayer,  
21 Savin Hill Avenue, Boston, and get sample box of Cream of Meers  
and valuable book for women.

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It is Urg

The Land of Neverwas.  
We are all them shifting valuers which  
we used to sing and rhyme,  
With the clustered fruitions of the last  
West, we're all them.  
When all these young ambitions, framed  
in a ribbon, encircled  
With a halo of grey wrens from the  
sunrise's gold;  
Once before held realisation, like effects  
without a name,  
Vanished in the misty land of the Land of  
Neverwas!

Where are all those lolling castles, irre-  
sponsible with golden glows,  
Gay and gay, the living madmen, th'ir  
th'ir their legging postures;  
Where are these serial hyacinths with  
their garlands of red rose,  
Touched with sardonyx and topaz and with  
gold and amethyst?

They have floated on the summer clouds that  
never will pauze,  
Down below the horizon of the Land of  
Neverwas!

Where are all these golden galloons singing  
on the tide of a sea,  
With the r's and s's distended, round for  
the R's pale,  
Singing 'thru' the dancing dolph'ins that the  
are pelago a,  
Where each wild brook is heavy with the  
climbing vine,  
Ah, the brook has turned to guano,  
And like dream ships, they have vanished  
in the Land of N. verwas!

'Tis the purple land of rainbows on an island  
far away,  
None but little fold and tables 'neath its  
fronded branches stray;  
Never does a bird i' passage land upon its  
towering cliff.

But no, the wild peat sees it from its  
drown-sown shore,  
When he tries to sing of it, man neither  
hears nor pause,

For most men are dabblers in the Land of  
Neverwas!

—S. W. Fox in *Yankee Blade*.

## TRUTH AND FICTION.

They were theatrical managers and  
having met in a small town on the west-  
ern circuit, had gathered around the  
cheerful fire in the hotel office and were  
exchanging experiences.

Stories of attached baggage, missed  
trains and times when the ghost refused  
to walk when Colored men, the oldest  
and most experienced of the party, re-  
marked that he had often heard the ex-  
pression that truth was stranger than fiction,  
but he remembered early in his  
career as a theatrical manager, an episode,  
wherein truth and fiction walked hand in hand.

Not being much of a story-teller, the  
Colonel at first refused to rest his yarn,  
but on being urged, he adjusted his eye-  
glasses, put on his thinking cap, and gave the following facts of an actual occur-  
rence:

"Perhaps twenty years ago," said he,  
"you may remember that I played the  
drama entitled 'The Little Waif,' which  
aroused the critics, but eventually proved  
to be a great go.

"In making up my company it was  
necessary that I should have a young  
girl of about fifteen years of age to per-  
sonate the little waif.

"In those early historic days the  
child actress was confined almost ex-  
clusively to 'Evans' and 'Toys,' the How-  
ards, of course, heading in that line. As  
you may easily imagine, I had no end of  
trouble in securing a young girl who  
possessed the necessary qualifications in  
beauty and face to carry the part satis-  
factorily."

"One dreary day, I remember it well,  
when I was situated in despair, and feared  
I should be compelled to resort to the  
time-worn dodge—engaging my last year's  
soubrette—have her hair cut short and  
dress her in short skirts, a woman entered  
my office, accompanied by the sweetest  
and prettiest girl it had ever been my  
good fortune to look upon. She was one of  
those plump, natural blondes with a  
clear baby complexion, and who it  
seems to me, are loaned to earth by  
Heaven's kindest indulgence. Her  
pure, unpolished soul  
bathed through her bright  
blue eyes, and her every action and word  
denoted that refinement and honor which  
did not come from the average plebian  
stock."

"Her appeal to the haughty woman of  
the world was in terms of endearment,  
and although she addressed her as mama,  
it did not require the keen eye of a  
critique to discover that there was not a  
line of resemblance in look, expression or  
manners."

"The one was bold, methodical and ex-  
acting, while the younger one was the  
soul of purity, the beauty of goodness and  
paragon of sincerity—one of these rare  
angelic prodigies whose smile subdues  
our wildest passions, and whose touch,  
like that of nature, makes all mankind  
mild."

"My heart went out to that little  
queen at once, and I never cease to  
hear praises at the shrine of her  
affection to this day."

"The woman with studied phrases  
made known her mission by informing  
me to my intense delight, that she de-  
sired to offer the services of her darling  
little Nellie as a candidate for the role of  
'The Little Waif.' She said that she had  
taught her the rudiments of elocution,  
and felt justly proud of her achievements.  
The little beauty gave a few recitations,  
and did so well that she was engaged on  
the spot and I was a happy man."

"While I had always believed the play  
to be a strong one, I suddenly think  
that without that little Nellie's natural  
innocence that little Nellie lent to the  
role of the waif, it would have been  
stranded among the many wrecks that  
line the shore of our profession."

"The story of the play was simple  
and touching, and something after this  
style:

"The little waif, who was the prin-  
cipal character in the drama, was stolen  
from her parents in her infancy by a  
woman who had formerly been her nurse,  
the main object in the child-theft  
being the hope of remunerative  
ransom. Shortly after the abduction  
of the child the father, in business  
and the nurse, who was married to a dis-  
solute actor, moved to the far west, tak-  
ing the child with her. As the babe  
grew up, she was taught to regard the  
nurse and her husband as her father and  
mother, and when in was not traveling  
or drunk, the husband taught her the  
rudiments of acting. Of course, as he  
was well regulated, dresses, the village  
was punished and the child restored at last  
to her heartbroken and despairing parents,  
who, by this time, were again wealthy  
and influential."

"Being something of a student of human  
nature, I have made it invariably a prac-  
tice to watch the maladies, and gener-  
ally had a seat in one of the boxes for a  
few moments each evening, in order that  
I might observe the varying expressions  
that would sweep over the sea of faces  
like ripples on the surface of the ocean.

"One evening I noticed in the adjourn-  
ing box a lady of refinement, accom-  
panied by a gentleman whom I took to  
be her husband. The action of the play  
moved the lady deeply, and I observed  
that during the performance the tears  
clashed each other down her classic face,  
as though the wavy of the wavy  
touched a sympathetic chord in her heart.

"I paid only a passive attention to her  
tears, for I had seen people similarly  
affected with play which moves the  
emotions, but when evening after even-  
ing I observed her and her escort in the same  
box I wondered if there was not some strange  
attraction that brought her to the spot where she  
was made to weep and sigh. At the  
Saturday matinee, which was the last day  
of our stay in town, she came alone and  
looked her accustomed place in the box  
not to the stage. During the final  
scene of the play, where mother and  
child are reunited after many years of absence,  
I noticed an expression on her face  
that shamed me. It was with half  
fear and half gladness that she leaned out  
of the box to drink in every word that was  
spoken on the stage. Suddenly, as the  
child rushed to her mother's arms and  
was smothered with mingled tears and  
caresses, this woman put her hand to her  
lips, end, grasping the chair for sup-  
port, fell back in a dead faint. She  
trembled, gasped, and looked more dead  
than alive."

"It was by her side in a moment with a  
glass of water and bathed her brow and  
parched lips. She partially recovered  
soon, and, staring about her wildly,  
asked in a piteous tone where she was.

"Well, to tell the story short, my little  
niece turned out to be the child of this  
lady, whose husband was a wealthy  
banker in the town where we were play-

"The child-nestress had been playing  
nightly the story of her own sad young  
life, and the sequel proves what I said  
before, that truth and fiction walked  
hand in hand."

The Shopper and the Merchant.  
She went into a big dry goods house  
the other day to buy material for a gown.  
She selected, after a good deal of fidgeting,  
a gingham costing twelve cents a yard.  
"How many yards are there in a piece?"  
she asked. "There are eleven," the  
clerk answered, after counting. "I will take ten," she said. "I suggested that  
she should take the whole piece, but she insisted that he should cut out  
ten yards, and this was accordingly  
done. "That is a rascal, I suppose," she  
said interrogatively, taking up the  
yard of gingham. "The boy gambled the  
tail with both hands and called out: 'So  
weak! so weak!' but the wench  
not liking the grip, started in a trot  
to the seal every other day is excellent  
for weak hair, and is nearest to  
specie for baldness, partial or entire. To  
keep hair from falling nothing is better  
than the old-fashioned tincture of sage  
and rosemary, which, as no northern  
gardener grows rosemary, I leave the  
druggist to prepare. The wild white  
oatmeal turned out to be the child of this  
lady, whose husband was a wealthy  
banker in the town where we were play-

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before, that truth and fiction walked  
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## The Weymouth Gazette.

### TUFTS LIBRARY.

FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1869.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Entered at Post Office, Weymouth, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1 A YEAR.

IN ADVANCE.

O. O. EASTERBROOK, Publisher.

GEORGE WYMAN, FAY.

George Wyman, Fay, M. D., died about 8 o'clock last Tuesday evening, after an illness of a few days, of peritonitis. He was born in Grafton, Mass., February 9, 1841, and died in Weymouth, Mass., on the 7th instant. He was the only child of Wyman and Fay. He received his early education at the public schools and at the academy of that town, afterwards entering the medical college of Worcester, also taking a course at Harvard, graduating thereon he came to Weymouth in 1857, and entered upon the practice of medicine, and attained to a high reputation. He served the town as selectman for one year, and upon the school board for three years.

In the fall of 1866 he married Jane L. Mowry, of Worcester; six children were born, four daughters and two sons, all of whom are now living, excepting one, who died in infancy. His dearest sister, Mrs. Anna L. Hart, is the wife of a brother who died in the Civil War.

He was a man of great energy, and a good number of our residents attended the annual reunion of the Braintree High School last Wednesday evening.

Mr. C. D. Harlow, druggist, has been very ill with a fever for a week past, but is now better. Dr. Hillcock attends him in his boarding place, and says he is in good health with him day and night.

A good number of our residents attended the annual reunion of the Braintree High School last Wednesday evening.

Mr. A. T. Fushing has put in a four-horse shipman engine at his factory on Front street. It is a fine piece of machinery, and will be a great convenience to him.

Mr. Jas. Smith has bought the house on Front street belonging to the C. H. Fushing, Esq., where he resided for several years.

It is stated that Mr. H. H. Reeder, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, has purchased the church estate, off Commercial street, North Weymouth, and that his parents will reside there.

Mr. John M. Hart, carriage painter at South Weymouth, next Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, will be advertising his services in foreign lands (European travel).

Mr. H. R. Collier, Optician, V. G., has a new display of spectacles, and a collection of poetry, a collection of the best short and easy poems, for reading and recitation in the schools, and a collection of 100,000 Counter-currents, a story, by the author of "Justus."

Mr. J. P. Gray's Journey, 225, from Boston to Baltimore.

225, from Boston to Washington.

225, from Boston to New York.

225, from Boston to Philadelphia.

225, from Boston to New Orleans.

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The book will be ready for delivery on the Saturday following the issue of the Gazette containing the list.

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The next Unitarian social will be held at Masonic hall, Tuesday evening, Feb. 19, and good time may be expected by those who attend.

Compton Canton, P. M., hold their regular monthly meeting in the Unitarian church next Tuesday evening; oyster supper.

A children's temperance meeting, with speaking and singing by the children, will be held in Temperance hall next Sunday evening.

The South Boston Tee Co., in anticipation of failure to procure their new building at Front street, will be held at the office of Judge Lowell, Pemberton square, Boston next Monday.

The Union Engine company of East Weymouth will have a supper at their hall Saturday evening.

Letters remain in the postoffice for Nellie Leminger, John Cullen, John S. Gay, George H. Durbin.

Z. L. HICKNELL, P. M.

I am sure and not forget the 25 cent supper the night of the fair.

A paper is being circulated and extensively signed, endorsing the nomination of Jacob F. Dizer as selectman for 2d ward.

The Nelson Quartette, assisted by Miss Eva Soden, will give a concert at Cohasset Wednesday evening, Feb. 13.

There will be a special meeting of Division 8, A. O. H. Sunday afternoon, at 1 o'clock. All members are requested to be present as business of importance is to come before the meeting.

I am sure and not forget the 25 cent supper the night of the fair.

A citizens' meeting to consider the practicability of electric street lighting has been called, to be held at Temperance hall next Saturday evening, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. E. H. Stearns, a general agent of the Masonic Lodge, F. & A. M., Pilgrim Lodge, K. of H., and Crescent Lodge, G. O. H., has been elected Grand Orator of the Massachusetts Consistory of the Scottish Rite for three years. He was a member of the Boston Commandery of Grand Knights of Honor, and a member of the Knights of Gold Fellow, Pilgrim Lodge Knights of Honor, Masonic Medical Society and the York Rite. He is a prominent and native citizen, and his death has removed a man whose place will be hard to fill.

THE FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Dr. George Wyman took place this afternoon, and was largely attended by his many friends and members of the various secret orders. South Shore Commandery, K. T. Sir, Thos. H. Humphrey Ent. Com., Pilgrim Lodge, K. of H., Thomas H. Long, Pastor, Crescent Lodge, I. O. O. F., Spencer Crown, N. G., Orphans' Lodge, F. & A. M., F. & A. M., F. & A. M. F.

The body was carried up the centre aisle, and after being deposited in the casket in the Masonic parlor, the funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Deacon, and prayer by Rev. Merritt Blanchard, and the organ was played by Mr. George Wyman, who then spoke briefly of the life and character of the deceased, his personal worth, his benevolence, and of his "still, still with Thee, Gorham." By the Quartette, benediction by Rev. Mr. Blanchard, closing with a singing of "Morning Hymn." The services at the church a procession was formed in the following order, proceeding to the E. Weymouth cemetery, where the Masonic and Odd Fellows had rendered the remains were placed in the receiving vault.

George Wyman, was also made to the east of the place, which it was estimated would be about 5000. Some information on this point may be gained from the experience of the town of Dover, which has a public system, using 52 lights of 1200 candle power and midnight. The east of 180 horse power, two horse engine, two 40 light dynamos and 20 wire miles, with appliances, was about \$15,000. 1500 ft. of a cheap grade is used each night.

The Hingham Journal says that "petitions have been circulated in that town, praying that the selectmen grant the privilege to the Weymouth Power and Light Company of erecting poles for the running of electric light wires.

The system employed is the Thomas H. Masonic, Electrical, Accident Association, which has been in existence this week.

A friend who gives us this information referred to another case of the same nature, a former Weymouth resident, counted in of Marshfield for seventeen years, and after being married two years they were divorced for reasons unknown to us.

George Wyman, of this place, who has been at work on the old Richardson house, in Hingham, was last week instrumental in saving a boy named Cobb from drowning. The boy in company with others had broken through the ice, and Mr. Wyman, hearing the alarm, ran a frantic bunch of the gray squirrel in the woods Wednesday.

Gustave B. Bates, who recently met with the loss of sum of money and had water damage to his house, purchased and placed in his shop a new and large pump, and has repaired his house.

Frank Kelly got a horse next week, and will visit his parents, who have not had one for ten years.

Samuel Horgan has enlisted for five years in the navy.

John W. Hart has been elected a member of the State secret executive committee.

Mr. Nathaniel Richards has been successfully treated by a Boston physician for a tumor of over thirty years duration, and is now in full health.

Mr. A. T. Fushing, a general agent of the Masonic Lodge, F. & A. M., Pilgrim Lodge, K. of H., and Crescent Lodge, G. O. H., has been elected Grand Orator of the Massachusetts Consistory of the Scottish Rite for three years. He was a member of the Boston Commandery of Grand Knights of Honor, and a member of the Knights of Gold Fellow, Pilgrim Lodge Knights of Honor, Masonic Medical Society and the York Rite. He is a prominent and native citizen, and his death has removed a man whose place will be hard to fill.

THE WYOMING SAVING BANK.

The annual meeting of the Weymouth Savings Bank was held on Tuesday evening, the 5th instant, the following officers were elected: President, Henry A. Nash; Vice-president, N. L. White; John L. Lord, A. J. Richards, Edwin Pratt; Trustee, Henry A. Nash; N. L. White; John L. Lord, A. J. Richards, Edwin Pratt; Andrew J. Bates; John W. Hart; Wm. H. Chapman; Francis Ambler; Thos. P. Hunt; T. George H. Pratt; A. E. Newell; Jas. Jones; C. A. Clapp; and Jas. H. F. Fitch.

At a special meeting of the Trustees held immediately after the annual meeting, the following were elected as a Board of Investment: H. A. Nash; Edwin Pratt; A. J. Bates; J. H. Hart; and Wm. H. Chapman.

The statement of the Weymouth Savings Bank for Feb. 1 is as follows:

Assets—

Mortgage Loans—

Public Funds—

Bank Stock—

Real Estate by Foreclosure—

Premium Account—

Rent, etc.—

Expense, etc.—

Capital on hand—

Deposits—

Guarantees Fund—

Loans Undischarged—

Interest—

Interest—

Amounts due and unpaid—

Interest—

entioned PANTALOONS last  
Our PANTALOONS are selling  
with them, than any PANTALOON

Pantaloons,

c.

SHORT PANTS

SHOES.

ney Shirts,

180.

AVELLING BAGS.

clothing House,

WEYMOUTH

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St. Valentine's Day.  
Tell me, you're friend of mine,  
Do you think Saint Valentine  
Can tell us for know  
What is going on below,  
Every day,  
That his honored name is bearing?  
Can he see  
Love and pleasure  
Take their February airing?  
Gentle lady, some day point  
Valentine a Sutton sailor,  
Who would give with clowned brow,  
On the throng to praise him now;  
On the lover's melancholy:  
But he is so  
To my dream.  
Strong and tender, kind and jolly.  
Gentle lady, when we bear  
To his shrine and offer there  
Stumbling rhyme and pointed hearts,  
Pierced by Cupid's savage darts;  
And in vain  
Pain us come to kiss him before hand;  
Though his smile  
All the while  
On us bears I bear we bears him.  
Gentle lady, unto me  
Counts not impety  
That I think our patron kind  
In the day some fun may had;  
May recall  
Our all  
Of its comical and brittle,  
And robust  
Scars of care.  
Till the angels laugh a little.

## ANNA'S VALENTINE.

BY MARY C. FREIGHTON.

"For me!" asked Anna, coloring a little, and baulding out her hand for the prettily lace-enclosed, with the few touches of gilt, which her sister wins looking at with admiration.

"Don't be in a hurry," Minna said coolly. "It's a Valentine, of course, and you shall have it in a moment. I am trying to remember where I saw this writing. Oh," with sudden conviction, "I could swear to it now! It is—it is a Valentine from George Dennis!"

"It is mine, and I think you might spare yourself all this anxiety concerning the sender of it," said Anna, a little tartly, taking it from her sister's hand.

But Minna was not to be crushed. She followed Anna to the window, and laid her hand coaxingly on the plump shoulder.

"Open it and let me see, too," she said, with all the assurance of 15 years, and an unlimited amount of curiosity in love affairs. "It's so bushy, that I'm sure it will be dull. Perhaps he has taken this chance of proposing to you—he never would find a better, and we all know how much he is in love with you."

"Minna," Anna cried, "you are a perfect little goose! and I shall not gratify your curiosity."

With that, and with a deepened color on either pretty cheek, she ran out of the room.

It was the fourteenth of February, and Anna had surely received a Valentine, which she was carefully opening in her own room, and reading with dimpling smiles and sparkling eyes.

First, there was a bee-work affair, with the prettiest little Cupid, half-hidden by silver leaves, holding in one plump hand an arrow, with a transfixed heart upon it, while the chubby finger of the other lay lightly on the little god's head.

"A pretty idea," Anna whispered, regarding it smilily, "it surely means a silent love. I never thought George at all romantic before."

Then she drew from the envelope a tinted, gilt-edged card, and slowly read the printed lines thereon:

"I'd rather be thine own, beloved,  
For in thy heart to dwell,  
Than own the treasures of the earth,  
In pale, cot, or cell;  
For what would such things bring to me,  
When joy can only come from thee?"

"Particularly the 'cell' part of it!" laughed Anna.

But she blushed also.

Then she drew out a sheet of note-paper, unfolded it hastily, and read the following, her heart giving a few unaccustomed thumps:

"My Love—Sister, I have long in silence, been it staid not staid; but the time has come for confession from me, and I make it here, aim at staid not a hope. Yet am so beautiful, so winning, that better than I will bring your blessings and find you more than I can say. Yet it is a small saying I may call on you tonight, and lay my heart at your feet, if I receive no word from you, I will know that there is indeed no hope for me, and you will in verily see my face again at last. Do you not realize my suspense? Shoot it, if you can in the least for your lover's sake. G. D."

Half an hour later, a little fellow was running across the fields, not minding the snow, because Anna had given him a piece of silver, if he would deliver the note he had in his hand to Mr. George Dennis.

And said note min thus:

"Accept you as my valentine: come to night, and come in hope. Yours,

ANNA SNOWE."

In the evening when a tall, handsome youth stood trembling in the door, waiting for an answer to his ring, and wondering what had happened to make him so utterly unhappy, the door was opened by Minna, and he was drawn hurriedly into the hall and detained there.

"I want to tell you—I'm awfully sorry, but Anna would never forgive me if she knew," the girl began confusely. "I sent her a Valentine, and I'm awfully silly now, today; and I feel you'd think it if I looked as if you had written it. Do you not understand? She thinks you have—proposed to her; and I only meant it as a joke. But when I found that she had sent you to come to night, I didn't dare to tell her."

Mr. Dennis took one of Anna's hands and held it firmly, his eyes lighting, his face flushed.

"Tell me what was in the note you sent Anna in my name," he said, quietly. "Perhaps she used not know."

"But I am afraid she must," Minna was now almost crying. "I told her you had loved her a long while, and would go away forever unless she could give you hope; and, if she cared at all for you, I told her to send a line, saying you might come tonight. It was all for a jest, but I am afraid she took it seriously, and now she will never forgive me!"

"Let me make your peace with her. Where is she?"

"In the parlor."

"Alone!"

"Yes."

"Then, I think, my little Minna, you have been the best friend to me today man ever had."

And he stooped and kissed her on the forehead, then turned hastily in the direction of the parlor.

"I wonder what he means? And I do wonder why in the world he kissed me! May be because I'm Anna's sister," Minna said, sadly, to herself, as she darted off along the hall, feeling very much as though she deserved a sound slapping for the thoughtless prank that was likely to be so severely by her sister.

Meanwhile, George had entered the parlor where Anna was, looking very sweet and very shy and pretending to be very much interested in a novel; and when she looked up, on his entrance, and blushed so divinely, George Dennis, who had always been so thoughtful and kind, did something extremely bold and daring, for, taking the hand she extended to him, he drew very close to her, looked a moment at the pretty, downcast face, and then—whispering something which sounded like "darling," stooped impulsively, and touched the girl's red lip with his.

Half an hour later Minna put her head in at the parlor door, and opened her mischievous eyes widely to see how near together the two heels were.

A very decided "Hush!" from her separated them, however, and she turned demurely, but looking anything but ashamed of herself.

"I see you have made my peace," George," she said, placidly; "and I think I really helped you both by what I did; so thanks are due me really, not reproaches. What do you say, sister?"

Anna looked from one to another in a puzzled way, not at all comprehending. "Did you not tell her?" Minna asked. And George was very red as he turned to his lady love.

"I have something to confess," he said, confusedly.

And then he told her how Minna's husband had served his need, and made his woe easy.

"I have tried to tell you how dear you are to me for a whole year," he said, in conclusion, "but I never could. I was afraid you cared nothing for me, and would send me away from you forever. When your note came, today, I was almost wild with delight, although I thought it seemed a little strange at first; but I fancied you had seen how it was with me, and so kindly gave you a word of encouragement."

"As if I would!" Anna cried, indignantly. "I'll never forgive you, Minna! What—what could have induced you to do anything so cruel! I'll never in my life forgive you!"

"Oh, yes, you will," Minna said, serenely, skipping in the door. "George promised me your parole, and I know he'll get it for me."

Which he did, after tears, reproaches and denunciations from Anna, and many and many protestations on his part.

And six months afterward, Minna was chief bridesmaid, and enjoyed the occasion very much.

"I rather think it was a very nice and sisterly act of mine afterward—the sending of that Valentine," she said to Anna, once. "But for it I am sure George would go on loving you in silence for years—all his life, perhaps; and wasn't that a cute little Cupid I sent you?"

But Anna's cheeks were very red, although she smiled. —*Saturday Night.*

In the New Zealand Wilds.

We had reached a rapid stream which flowed between moss-covered banks.

I shall not easily forget the impression produced by the sight of this stream in the middle of the most exquisite vegetation. Overhead beautiful tree ferns spread their fronds, almost enclosed with rare ferns, the native maidenhair, and the still more delicate kidney fern.

Walking hills and low-crowned turban effects are in all assortments, but it is doubtful if they will meet the same favor they did in fogs during the season now closing.

It is probable that the will be much used in the spring, covering the bogs of the entire hat and falling over the back and face to be gathered at the "Directoires" order are again introduced.

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Walking hills



# The Weymouth Gazette.

FRIDAY, FEB. 15, 1889.

Entered at Post Office, Weymouth, as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 50¢ A YEAR.

S. S. EASTERSHOUD, Publisher.

## Electric Light Meeting.

A citizens' meeting was held at Temperance Hall, East Weymouth, last Saturday evening, to consider the practicability of electric street lighting. The meeting was called to order by N. D. Canterbury, president of the E. W. V. I. Association with A. H. Armstrong as secretary.

D. M. Easton was called upon for remarks, and stated the differences between the town lighting the streets with their own plant and that of a stock company, to be, that the town could save a great deal by having their own plant; yet he was not set in any way, but he wanted electric lights and would have one if it cost \$200 per year.

C. B. S. Lovell was in favor of electric lights, but thought it would be to know just what the cost would be. The only question in his mind was whether it was better for a town to go into the business without knowing what it cost, or whether it would be best to have a corporation put the lights in and know just what we have got to pay. N. D. Canterbury said it was a question as to whether it was advisable to add to our taxes, or whether it would not be better for us to wait awhile until we have reduced our present rate.

John Carroll, while in favor of electric lights, was very much opposed to the town putting in the plant and adding more to our present debt. If the town goes into it, the capital is brought into the town, and it would bring to the plant it would bring to capital and make more taxable property, which is just what we need. As far as he had looked into the matter he was in favor of a stock company. Electric lights are an improvement he would like to see and hope to see soon.

M. Sheehy could not throw any light upon the subject, but it was his opinion that it would not cost the town as much to put the lights in themselves. He would like to see the streets lighted by electricity, but did not think the town was as yet prepared to take hold of this business. If we could get it into our houses, factories and public buildings as cheap as Mr. Easton says, he would like to see it.

Mr. Easton said 200 lights would cost \$4000. Mr. Canterbury thought they would cost more. B. S. Lovell thought 200 lights would cost \$12,000, and the question is whether it would be fair to tax those on the outskirts for these lights. He said that we could in East Weymouth get from 12 to 20 lights at \$60 per year, that would be paid for by citizens, and while he believed that Mr. Easton had worked hard and honestly in this matter, he still believed with Mr. Carroll that it would be better for a stock company to operate and own the plant.

Mr. Canterbury said the question is if you want your taxes increased by having the town operate the plant. David Tobin was not in favor of the town putting in this plant, and thought it would be far better to repair our roads first. In a few years after we have repaired our roads and built new roads and schoolhouses, it will be time enough for electric lights. The members of the meeting were then taken into the room, in the majority being in favor of some form of electric lights for the town, and that the meeting was adjourned until the next March meeting. The meeting then adjourned, and an hour was spent in an informal talk upon the subject, all being in favor of continuing the discussion that the streets of the town should be lit either by a stock company or by the town itself, and as had been stated, the town could not own the plant, as it would cost 20 to 30 per cent, then it would be far better for them to do so, as in a few years they would have paid for it. As the matter now stands, it was thought that at the coming March meeting some plan will be adopted upon which our streets will be illuminated at night.

**Mr. EDITOR:**—Once more I crave your indulgence for the purpose of furthering some plan which I have in view, and which I hope the surrounding towns in the matter of street lighting, I noticed in your issue of Feb. 8, that the directors of the Weymouth Improvement Association held a meeting and the opinion of the majority of those present was that the town was not prepared to take hold of the business, and that it would be better for the town to contract with a stock company. I infer from this that those gentlemen are in favor of lighting the town by the contract with a stock company, and that the town is not in a condition to take the municipal system of electric lighting, it is certainly not in a condition to adopt the same system, that the town is not based on the fact that it has given a fair amount of light for a given amount of money. There can be no doubt but that the town is in a position to do a much better job than any stock company, and the other success of the fair, in point of very large attendance and general interest.

The entertainment arranged for Wednesday evening was very pleasant and attractive, the operetta "Jum the Thimble" being given by the following:

Mr. Willard, Mrs. Grant, Miss Susan Porter, Nellie Grant, Miss Alice Carpenter, Mrs. Grier, Landford, Edward Wright, George Wright, Mrs. Mary Mattie Linton, Mabel, Alice Allen.

As an entertainment in the Union hall, there was a grand ball, and the girls and boys, and the audience present thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

Albert L. Spinney has been made happy in the advent of a son.

George B. Loud has taken charge of the fitting-room of A. T. Cushing.

Last Tuesday Harry South, white with a red bow tie, was seen, and in getting his horse at the stable was about to mount when his horse was broken but he has been unable to attend to his horse this week, with threatened fits.

Mr. John M. Walsh has returned from St. Louis where he went some months ago, and while there he was ill for several weeks, is now much better.

Last Saturday a score of young men were conveyed to Haverhill, where a fair was held, and have taken place, and the interest in this illegal game on the increase among local sports, and the audience present thoroughly enjoyed it.

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. William Williams, of Weymouth, occurred Wednesday evening, at the First Baptist Church.

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of bonds issued.

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all its own mortgages, and  
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REPRESENTED IN WEYMOUTH BY E. WALTER ARNOLD.

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Is a 16 page, Finely Illustrated Paper,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS AND WANTS of the FAMILY CIRCLE.

Its aim is to be purely Christian, non-sectarian and non-political. Among its contributors we give the following:

Rev. John Hall, D.D., LL.D.  
Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D.  
Rev. Robert F. Sample, D.D.  
Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

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Below we give letters received from prominent Boston clergymen:

Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D.  
Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.  
Francis L. Patton,  
Rev. Thomas C. Hall.

Rev. John Hall, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., LL.D.

Rev. Robert F. Sample, D.D.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, D.D.

JOHN HALL, D.D.









**It Cannot Last Forever.**  
For a word of comfort for you  
Are many, many, many, many  
Are nothing worth the burden  
Of a heavy, hopeless load.  
It will make the heart grow lighter,  
Whatever he's wrong,  
And give you strength to bear it  
If you're a man of iron.  
And when your thoughts of darkness  
Are round your pathway here,  
The sun is shining just beyond,  
It cannot last forever.

Just try them when you're worried  
By each petty care and strife,  
By each little aggravation  
Of your continually life.

When angry words are rising,  
And that you're quickly anger,  
And a quick words are rising up,

And a quick words are rising up,

You'll find those words like a knife,  
Each twisted knot to sever;

Then straighten out each tangle with

"It cannot last forever."

Or like some great disaster.

Like a cyclone sweep your sky,

And stunned and helpless with the shock

Beneath the wreck you lie,

Reckless, heedless, come,

But has a sobering thought.

The darkest night a morning,

An end the longest way,

Then take these words to cheer you,

You'll find the like a lever

To raise your sinking spirits up.

"It cannot last forever."

—*Lillian M. Alexander in Once a Week.*

## MY MOTHER'S HYMN.

BY W. H. A. ATKINSON.

What an unconsciously long time seems to have elapsed since the old days on the far-away homestead! In the Berkshires Hills! How the years have dragged themselves along, so that, although I have several more birthdays to come to me (if I live) in the "twenties," I seem to be already an old man, when I think upon the farm and mother and the old meeting-house and all the sweet memories of the time when I was a boy and knew nothing—absolutely nothing—of sorrow and trouble and hard knocks.

Even to-day when, young as I am, I have to confess myself worn and weary, battered, bruised and broken, scared and sore by contact with all the roughness, the rudeness, the dirt, the grime, the sin and the heartlessness of the world—ever yet I bless God for the halo of goodness which has followed me, in all my wanderings, from my Massachusetts home.

I was the youngest of the merry youngsters who had grown up under our family roof-tree, to youth and manhood, and was the last to break away from the comparative quiet of New England for the bustle and hurly-burly of the great west.

My two brothers were full-grown men while I was a small boy, attending our village school, and nothing could keep them at home when the gold excitement broke out in the Black Hills. After they went away my mother and father never saw them more. The next events of importance in our family were the weddings of my two sisters, following in rapid succession.

Then, more than ever, I became my mother's companion and might have remained so, perchance, to this day had not death claimed her and father for us both within a few short weeks of each other.

Father was a good man, and I always loved, honored and respected him, but to me I think, now, I am certain, he was never as dear as mother—and I felt this the more during the few short weeks that his mother lingered after father's death.

How she liked to have me sit by her bedside and read to her—sometimes from one of Dickens' masterpieces and sometimes from her well-used Bible! How it gladdened her when I would sing (as a boy, I believe) had a pleasant musical voice) one of her favorite songs or a hymn from the little brown covered hymbook! How contented she was, on the day that she passed away, to have me place my hand in hers while she whispered her farewell words, "Give me the hymnbook, God," she said to words the last. I gave it to her and watched her as with much tenderness she tore from it one of the pages—worn so thin and much soiled by constant handling.

"Keep it, God, my boy; keep it always, and when you are a man read it and sing it—it is your mother's favorite hymn."

I have never parted with that torn scrap, and while I live it will never be bartered for the largest bank-note in existence. Sickly sentiment it is! Be it so; there has, God knows, been little enough of sentiment in my life, and I can afford to indulge this one soft feeling which I possess and treasure.

Ten years passed away. Amid a group of rough men assembled in a saloon in a small frontier town I was the central figure. I was recognized as a culprit before a mock judge and a mock jury, undergoing a trial for stealing a man's entire outfit—coat, pants, belt, and boots. I was innocent, quite innocent—but the circumstantial evidence was strong against me, and besides, I had certainly been associating with a very "bad" set. I knew full well that the chances were greatly against a verdict of "not guilty," and I was also well aware that punishments were not graded in that locality. Sentences for all crimes were uniformly severe and execution prompt. The evidence was taken to five minutes and then the judge (a man like the rest of us) turned to me:

"Hey you! got out to say for yourself, God-kindey!"

"Only this!" said I, "I am not guilty."

"Is that all?" asked the judge, while a low ridge laugh went around the room.

"We all thought you were square, God," went on the judge, "and we feel like giving you a fair show. Why don't you own up, now, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court?"

"Judge," I replied, giving the man his mock title, "I am square. All you boys know it. I went on, appealing to the crowd on whose faces I failed to see much expression of sympathy. "You fellows know I don't pretend to be any great shakes, but, before God, I have never told a lie to you or anyone else and neither have I ever taken what don't belong to me. I swear I am innocent of this affair."

"Is that all?" again asked the judge.

"Yes, sir. Stay—and I fumbled in my pockets for a scrap of paper which I had inside my shirt. "You fellows all bad mothers!"

There was a coarse, loud guffaw, while one man exclaimed:

"There's a regular bald headed, palsied

old bluff game, judge, as I guess it won't wash with this gang!"

**CHARMING WOMEN DISGUISED.**  
One of the most charming and sympathetic women in Washington, the wife of a prominent officer of the navy, has a very decided mustache and beard, but it has never detracted from her popularity. No one can resist the fascination of her manner, which springs from a sincere heart, nor the tones of her sweet voice. The beautiful daughter of a prominent literary woman has tried everything to get rid of her mustache, experimenting with various washes that have compelled her to keep herself secluded for weeks at a time, but all with out success.—*New York Star.*

**FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.**  
About two years ago a western girl living in Berlin thought she wanted to marry a second lieutenant, and had her settle \$100,000 upon him. After a good bit of cajoling and wrangling the father told his daughter he could marry her if she would first pass six months at her home in America. The girl agreed to this. She returned to America. At the end of six months her second lieutenant came to America, according to their previous plan, to see her. He came without his civilian trousers, his scarlet and blue blouse, his big military belt and long sword. He wore the clothes of a native German citizen. When he got out West to the house of his fiancee she wouldn't have him. He knocked about America for a few months and then went back to Berlin. Such cases are exceptional, however.—*New York Graphic.*

**A YOUNG DIANA.**  
Addie Varela, a young girl about sixteen years of age, who lives with her parents on the Calaveras River, captured a deer one day last week, and at once became the heroine of the country. The girl heard some dogs barking in the direction of the river, and ran down to where the dogs had a buck deer bayed in a hole of water. She returned to the house, and the only weapon she could find was a butcher knife. Her presence encouraged the dogs, and when she reappeared on the scene the dogs sprang at the deer, and with the aid of Adie the buck was thrown, and in less time than it will take to tell the story the deer's throat was cut from ear to ear. Adie says it was no small task to hold the animal down with its throat cut, for she knew that to let go of the buck before it was dead would endanger her own life.—*San Antonio (Calif.) Prospect.*

**A COLORFUL CANTERBURY.**

Mrs. Flora Johnson is charming the Virginians with her beautiful voice. Miss Johnson is of African descent, of the shade known "down south" as "dark ginger cake," with the long silky hair denoting race mixture. Her general appearance in what among southern colored people is called "molliegossom." She is rather small, with a trim, graceful figure and modest, interesting manners. She should indeed find good advantages, made from careful musical instruction, having attended the public schools in Rhode Island, which has been her home since early childhood.

In conversation her voice is not especially melodious—showing association with the soft-spoken Olympus, lies buried in mink verdure, and echoes with the murmur of many streams. There are many factories of silk at the mouth of a lovely gorge, and inasmuch as water is the motive power, and not coal, it will not interfere with fumitions of the unit organism and of the sum of organisms.

Princeton college is to have a scientific expedition this summer, under the direction of Professors Scott and Osborn.

The plan is to have the latter from the sale or importation of foreign buttons under a penalty of \$250 on the seller and \$500 on the importer. Some ignorant persons tried making them of wood, but William III again stepped in, and enacted that no buttons should be made of wood only. One too clever man tried to evade the act by placing the buttons in leather cases, and the judges decided that the shank was part of the button, and that buttons should be made of wood only.

Now the new and beautiful brocades are reproduced with great exactness from those which in the old days were handed down from mother to daughter and which were almost impossible to wear out.

**THE SILK Factories of Brusa.**

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The game of "Papooseen" in Samoa.

The game is called "papooseen" which means "childish," and is practised on the smooth rocks of the waterfall. Sitting down on the slippery surface of the rocks at the head of the falls they let them selves go down with the swift current until they land in the water if such an expression may be permitted. One after the other they follow in rapid succession, some two or three paled up in a confused, struggling mass of humanity in the water under the falls. Out they come again, chasing each other up the steep rocks, to which their bare feet cling with the tenacity of a fly on the ceiling, and down again through the cataract into the lake, until they are sufficiently tired to lie down upon the bank or to take another leap.

In this way the day is passed, until the lengthening shadows warn them that the time has arrived to return home.

The very drowsy and dozy days, when they willfully acceded to Phil's request. Two days later I was cleared of all suspicion and became for a time the most popular man in the camp.

It is almost needless to add that I now treasure with more care than ever the little scrap of paper which is printed, in old style type, my mother's favorite hymn.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**MARKLING IN THE 18th CENTURY.**

The "History of England," Mass., says "Youth's Companion," makes mention of the manner of marketing in the eighteenth century, in the towns near Boston. It was the custom, for the women of Medfield and other towns to go regularly to market, except during the winter, when they willingly acceded to Phil's request.

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**THE BRIDESMAIDS' STUFF.**

The flower muffs carried by bridesmaids in preference to the loose bouquet of cut flowers, are very elegant and beautiful little affairs, costing \$16 when wrought of ordinary flowers and increasing in price according to the rarity and quantity of the blossoms used. They are formed upon a frame like other flower pieces, covered with moss on the side toward the dress, and with a pretty arrangement of maiden-hair fern or rose leaves at either end to conceal the absence of the lining.

**AT WEDDINGS IN THE CHRYSTIANHEIM.**

A wedding in the chrysanthemum

season some very pretty and effective muffs were made of yellow and white chrysanthemums, with a spray of roses and maiden-hair fern for the center decoration. Now that the violet season may be said to have fairly begun, the yellow muffs are violet muffs set in maiden-hair fern with roses lack of color harmonizing or contrasting with the blue-maiden-hair fern for their decoration.

These muffs are so ingeniously fashioned; even when wrought of fresh flowers and not the creations of dried moss and artificial flowers sometimes supplied by the milliner in the place of the beautiful ephemeral work of the florist, that they furnish a very convenient receptacle for the lady's handkerchief and fan.—*New York Sun.*

**A MILLION UNMARRIED GIRLS.**

There are over a million girls in England who are not likely to get married. In order to remedy this state of things I would propose to you, that courting and proposing should henceforward be a business appertaining to both sexes. There are a number of young men who are shy. They have a vague general idea of marrying, yet can not screw their courage up to the striking point.

These are the road to matrimony made easy to them, would succumb.

If I add that, to the parents, would the

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"How happy you look," said her husband, as she was removing her wrap.

"Oh! Well, I'm in luck!"

"I've found something very valuable," said she, drawing off the ring and handing it to him. "The beautiful daughter of a prominent literary woman has tried everything to get rid of her mustache, experimenting with various washes that have compelled her to keep herself secluded for weeks at a time, but all with out success.—*New York Star.*

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